

## THE CLARION.

Report of the Trustees of the University of Mississippi.

At the close of the commencement exercises of the University, the Board of Trustees deem it not inappropriate to give expression to their convictions of its eminent fitness as a place of education. The buildings have recently undergone thorough repair and refitting, and present an imposing appearance to the eye; the grounds have been tastefully improved, the verdant lawn and graceful grove present a pleasing and attractive appearance to the eye and exhibit a beauty not possessed by any other institution in the South of which we have knowledge. The faculty, with-out exception, is composed of educated and intelligent gentlemen of unquestioned moral rectitude and propriety of conduct, and each is specially fitted for the position which he occupies. The students show a highly commendable devotion to their studies, and their proficiency proves the industry and capacity of their teachers, and their own determined efforts at excellence. Their deportment during the session, which has just closed, was exemplary and reflected great credit upon themselves and their surroundings.

The philosophical apparatus in most of the departments is ample and scarcely anything is wanting but a telescope to render it complete. The library is extensive and well selected, and constant additions are in progress by the liberal annual appropriations made by the Legislature. The new experiment as to the admission of females in the University with equal rights to all its benefits, and the co-education of the sexes has met thus far with most gratifying success. They have shown an aptitude for mastering the most intricate portions of science fully equal to that of the males, and their acquisitions in learning prove that their intellectual endowments fully equal those of the other sex. Their conduct and deportment have been in all respects of the most unexceptionable character. This feature of the University was not adopted without hesitation, nor without fear as to the results, but those results have been highly gratifying to us, and give good reason to believe that the future will demonstrate the wisdom of our course.

The preparatory department is a valuable adjunct of the institution, and is conducted with singular propriety. Even when the boy does not remain through the university course, he receives a course of instruction which will be of incalculable value to him in his after life. Entire accord exists among the members of the faculty, and peace and quietude bear witness to the entire harmony which pervades all its manifestations. In this brief resume, it is not to be expected that we should review its operations in detail. But it gives us pleasure to assure the people of the State that the liberal appropriations made for its support have been productive of great good, and to express the belief that, in view of its cheapness and its other great advantages, it deserves the confidence and patronage of the community, and that no one seeking an education will gain anything by going abroad for it.

Robt. Lowry, Pres't, A. M. Clayton,  
H. F. Simrall, J. A. Orr,  
Will T. Martin, J. L. McCaskill,  
H. A. Barr, Chas. B. Howry,  
H. H. Chalmers, T. W. White,  
R. A. Hill, H. L. Muldrow,  
Chas. B. Galloway, A. J. Baker,  
H. M. Sullivan, Wiley P. Harris.

### The Internal Revenue Tax.

The New York Sun, in discussing the policy that the Democratic party should adopt in coming campaigns, strongly advises a plank calling for the abolition of the entire internal revenue system. This proposition will, we hope and believe, be accepted. It was proposed in the last Congress, received strong Democratic support there, and came very near passing.

The Sun has its own views about the tariff, but it holds that this internal revenue tax should be entirely wiped out before the tariff is touched, so as to cause no complication between them. It was the agitation over the tariff that interfered, during the last session, with this internal revenue legislation; the free-traders opposing the abolition of this tax because they believed that it would interfere with and prevent a reduction of duties. As the Sun shows, the two questions are disconnected, and should be considered entirely separate and without any relationship to each other.

The country is engaged just now in wiping out all the relics of the war. Peace, harmony and prosperity now prevail throughout this country, and none of the unpleasant and disagreeable remembrances and reminiscences of the war survive except this tax, one of its most hateful incidents. The internal revenue is wholly and entirely a war tax. It was adopted to furnish the Union with money for its army and fleet, and it was announced that the moment the war was over the country would be relieved from this burden. But, although hostilities have ceased for 18 years and more, and a new generation has come to the front, this tax, with all its disagreeable inquisitorial features, with the standing army needed to collect it, with the encounters, riots and bloodshed that its collection causes, still survives; another demonstration of the proposition that it is easy to lay a tax on a country, but a very difficult problem to abolish it.

We agree with the Sun that its complete abolition would be welcomed as an evidence that the war is ended—ended not only in the open field, but in the imposition of burdens.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Camp Harris.

Aberdeen Examiner.] At a meeting of the Aberdeen Guards on Friday night, the name of Powell's North, on the east side of the river was changed to Camp Harris, in honor of Adjutant General J. L. Harris, of the Mississippi Militia.

Letter from Representative Wharton J. Green, of North Carolina.

A JUST VINDICATION OF MISSISSIPPI'S GREATEST AND MOST BELOVED SON.

### Protection Fallacies.

FAYETTEVILLE, May 18, 1883.

EDITOR MESSENGER—Pardon me for again trenching on your space with a reference to the spirit and general tenor of The American Protectionist. That sheet, begun, continued and maintained in the interest and through the interest of the class whose tenets it most affects, started out on the high, independent basis, with no party bias, no sectional antipathies. Judging from its initial numbers, one would have supposed that its purpose was to build up a third party on the ruins of the two existing ones, by drawing the malcontents from both. This it proposed to accomplish, by the rather paradoxical argument, "it's a good thing to be plundered." "In fact despoliation is the basis of all material prosperity, individual as well as national." As long as it cherished the delusion that sick Democrats could be induced to take that Pennsylvania "cure-all" preparation of iron, it was wonderfully neutral in politics. If the South could be wheedled into believing such transparent nonsense, it was amazingly unsectional. But having soon discovered the hopelessness of this bold effort and fraud, it straightway flops over into the ranks of its natural ally, the Republican party. Its batteries are now all directed against "the Tariff for revenue only" party, and especially against the Southern wing, as being more incorrigibly perverse against the conviction of fallacy than any other. It omits no opportunity either by direct charge or by insinuation and innuendo, to malign our section and people, and to kindle afresh the fires of sectional hate. Its object obviously is to draw the Tariff line on the now obsolete line of Mason and Dixon, ignoring the fact that outside of the little protected localities, the great farming and tax-paying classes predominate everywhere.

I ask you sir, if the coupling of the names of Benedict Arnold and Jefferson Davis is not an insult, direct or implied, to every man who "wore the gray" or exulted in its glory, from '61 to '65? I so regard it, and would though I were of the number of the bitterest defamers of him last named.

If ex-President Davis is fit associate in treason and infamy with the distinguished gentlemen from "New England," whose name to Americans is the only one in the annals of time, sufficiently base to furnish a parallel to his who betrayed "The Master of the Mount," then no less is mine, is yours, is that of all who wielded blade or trigger pulled to uphold the cause of which he was the recognized head. The eminence of merit which commended him to the most trying and responsible position of modern times, should in no wise increase his culpability in the eyes of foes, more than yours and mine in our humble sphere. Whilst all concede that he was thoroughly wedded to "State Rights," in the old time sense, I for one deny that he would have dared more, endured more, or more willingly have marched to certain death to uphold the doctrine implied in the issue of arms than you or I. The same may be said of the Confederate army, from Sydney Johnson to the drummer boy.

Hence to him who asserts that Jefferson Davis is fit colleague with the Connecticut general so prominently paraded, there should be but one reply from him who is in no whit less criminal. For one, I give it. It is the lie, the lie direct, the lie unqualified, by epithet, and which will not down at the bidding of explanation or equivocation.

In reply to the pertinent query of the great financier Albert Gallatin, in 1831, "why has not the South the same right to object to being restricted to the New England markets (by invidious taxation) that New England had some half a century anterior to compulsory traffic with her older namesake?" the South is held up to the world as the incarnate embodiment of laziness and want of thrift. That was the epoch when the South first evinced a disposition to rebel against the mandate of the Protection tribute master, and of course such insubordination to our lords and masters, who only craved the poor privilege of selling to our be-nighted section at double and treble price, must be met with harsh epithet and the severest condemnation. Apparently he has despaired of proselytizing our dark corner to his peculiar views; and so imitates the furious fishwife who vents her spleen in billingsgate on all who examine but decline buying her wares.

Plucking is such an agreeable pastime to the Massachusetts or Pennsylvania plucker, that he seems at a loss to comprehend how the Southern goose should grow restless in playing the other part in the pretty performance, after so many decades of acquiescence. The South is not alone in that regard. The last elections ought to have convinced him, and the favored class whose name he bears, that a revenue tariff with the inevitable "incidental protection" is fast becoming the dominant idea of all sections and localities beyond reach of the lordlings of the Loom and the Forge. The Pennsylvania cast iron scales are dropping from their eyes, and they are beginning to see the restrictive system of trade in all of its naked deformity. The tiller, the mechanic, the merchant, the professional in every quarter are growing tired of the goose role in the drama. This is the sum and substance of our offending. Wherein does it exceed that of kindred culprits (?) throughout the North and West, that the South should thus be singled out and slandered collectively or in aggregation? The animus is obvious. Realizing as he and the whole "Protected" class do, that the day of their glory is fast drawing to a close, and that their modest claim can not rely upon argument or the logic of facts to sustain it, they appeal to and rely upon a morbid sectional sentimentality to uphold their cause. Syllabus: "The South hates the North. Its politics is the natural outgrowth of the hate. It favors a low tariff. Ergo, a Protective one is in the interest of the North." Such is its line of reasoning. Shades of Say and Adam

Smith! but that is deliciously unsophisticated, coming from a teacher of Political Economy! Taxation is too realistic to be the child of poetic sentiment. The corn laws were repealed not because the poor hated the rich, but because the hungry were crying for cheap bread. If free trade or rather its nearest proximate in our day and generation, a Tariff for Revenue only, should ever become an established fact, it will be because the eyes of the people have been opened, and they can now read the teaching of Political Economy, viz: "It's every man's right and duty to sell where he can sell highest, and buy where he can buy lowest." That idea has been sown broadcast throughout the land, and it cannot be choked or stunted longer with Protection fallacies and fan-farades. If after three quarters of a century of Government pap and unprecedented subsidies our "infant industries" can not yet stand alone and take its chance with the farmer's child, it is high time upon the principle of "selection of the fittest," that that baby be permitted to die a natural death. But it will not die. The greedy and overgrown little toad has no idea of dying. Its threat to do so is simply a ruse to frighten its overindulgent progenitors into starving its more manly brother industries, by giving it all of its own, and the major part of its little brothers' and sisters' nourishment. But I repeat, if it can only survive through continued and endless injustice and wrong to others, its proper place is the church-yard with the daisies above its pillow.

W. J. G.

### The All-Conquering Anglo-Saxon Race.

COL. STOCKDALE'S GREAT COMMENCEMENT SPEECH AT OXFORD.

Catherine Cole in the Forenoon.

The occasion was the address of Col. T. R. Stockdale, of Summit, Miss., before the alumni of the University. Hon. H. H. Chalmers presided, and in an eloquent effort, recounting the remarkable history of the distinguished speaker as a graduate, a civilian, an officer in the civil war, and as a lawyer at the bar, paid him many handsome compliments and presented him to his audience.

Col. Stockton took for his theme "The Anglo-Saxon Race as Citizens of America, and Especially of the South, Its Responsibilities and Probable Destiny."

He spoke for about an hour and was listened to throughout by the large audience with profound attention, and when he discarded his manuscript the attention was even greater, and he placed the Anglo-Saxon race in the front of the world, equal to the ancient race in literature, and in science, and in invention, and in progress beyond all rivalry. Leaving the present civilization, its responsibilities were as wide as the American continent, fearfully solemn and grand, and that the war was a crucible to bring out the nobleness of the manhood of the South and transform it from a gay and reckless race into a sturdy, daring, disciplined people who, knowing the dangers of losing their liberty, would become the most valuable friends of liberty, civilization and religion. The purest, highest civilization is the soul and breath of the South, and the only weapons of her defense. Take it away and she has nothing. Civilization once lost never has returned to the earth in the same place nor in the same language. Let it not escape from our soil nor forget her tongue. The Anglo-Saxon civilization is moving eastward, and England has her foot on the western shores of two continents. The American civilization, more vigorous than any, must move westward, spreading over the land of the Montezumas and over the ocean to the other shore, and onward until it meets where the race was born. The Anglo-Saxon civilization will girdle the earth; the English language become the language of the world, and civilization depart from the earth no more forever. The learned men present said the address was so full of vigorous thought, so entire and concisely expressed that it kept the minds of his hearers on a strain to keep up with the speaker, and that it was one of the most original and complete addresses ever delivered before the Alumni Association. The members of the Oxford bar present pronounce it a masterly effort. It is impossible to report the speech by telegraph, for, lengthy as it was, it was as succinct as a telegram could be made.

### Hon. W. H. Fitz-Gerald Opens the Canvass.

Tallahatchie Sentinel.]

Hon. W. H. Fitz-Gerald, who is a candidate for the State Senate in the 36th district, delivered a speech to the people of this county on the 4th inst. The address was listened to with marked attention, and was well received by the audience. The speaker devoted his time mainly to presenting the contrast between the condition of the State under Radical rule previous to 1875 and Democratic rule since the 1st of January, 1876, and in a most able, clear and logical argument demonstrated from facts and figures the greatly superior prosperity of the State under Democratic rule, and with great earnestness and force presented the necessity of preserving the unity and continued rule of the Democratic party in this State, as the only agency through which we could maintain and promote the welfare and happiness of the people. It is now almost certain that Col. Fitz-Gerald will have no opposition to the position he seeks, either from his own or the Radical party.

### Railroad Supervision.

The right of the State to supervise the railroads having been abdicated by the courts of several of the States we believe that has become a conceded point, and the question that is now remaining to be settled is purely one of expediency. Our people, the residents of Holmes county, or a majority of them have decided opinions upon the subject and we believe we but voice the sentiment of the great majority in saying that the right should be exercised.—Lexington Bulletin.

### A PICTURE'S MISSION.

"Who was your model, Alfred?" Victor Clarence had sauntered into the studio of his artist friend, and like one fascinated, lingered before an easel upon which was a large picture newly finished.

On the canvas was depicted an ideal creation Sweet Idleness, typified by a charming woman reclining upon a luxurious purple couch beneath a columned portico, half hidden by great masses of vines. A chaste and poetic garb of amber satin draped the superb figure, there were silver spangles on her graceful arms; there were ropes of pearl about her lovely throat, and pearls in the unbounded richness of her bronze black hair. A butterfly, all brown and gold, hovered about her head; an azure pigeon was feeding from an exquisite hand and a guitar lay at her feet. The pictured face was proud and pure. There was an indolent smile upon the sweet and perfect lips, and the wondrous gray eyes beneath the dense, dark lashes were full of unrouned tenderness and fire.

"Who was your model?" Victor Clarence inquired with singular interest.

"That is a secret," was the sober answer.

"Ah! then the lady is not a professional?" Victor persisted curiously.

"She is not," the other allowed reluctantly. "She is the companion of a wealthy and eccentric dowager, who is my friend and for whom I painted what you so much admire. The girl is something of a mystery, or perhaps I should more correctly say that I consider her peculiarly secluded way of living slightly mysterious for one so intelligent and accomplished."

Still Victor contemplated that subtly delineated and sumptuously tinted picture with the same enraptured yet speculative gaze.

"I have a fancy for mysteries," he presently asserted in dreamy tones, "and I am quite determined to make the acquaintance of this inscrutable paragon of all the witcheries. Can you introduce me to the home of your friend, the dowager?"

The artist hesitated.

"I could, certainly," he assented, with a dubious emphasis; "but an introduction would avail you nothing. Miss Le Barre is averse to admiration and admirers. And besides, Victor, you—"

"I know," hastily interposed Victor, whose face flushed with vexation as he strode across the studio, and flung himself impatiently into a luxurious chair. "You would remind me that I am not free to do what would best please me. Do the proprieties always demand only what is reasonable? And for ten years have I not been faithful to a folly—to a mistake—to a caprice of fate!"

"Ten years ago I was summoned by a dying uncle—a childless old man of many oddities and much wealth, that he wished me to share with a niece of his deceased wife. I was just twenty-one; my proposed bride was not yet sixteen. At the bed of death I was married to this girl, of whom I knew nothing at all, and who evidently detested me, for our relative was not cold in the grave before she fled from me—vanished like the phantom of a disagreeable dream, or something equally unreal. I searched for her thoroughly and conscientiously, but never found her nor any traces of her whatever. I have long believed that she is dead—only some strange and sudden death can explain her singular disappearance. And now you would remind me that I am not free to admire the girl whose pictured face allures me as the countenance of no woman has ever done before," he concluded, reproachfully.

"Your eloquence and your pathetic defense are irresistible," he said in pleasant rallery. "You have quite persuaded me, and you shall know Dulcie Le Barre as soon as you choose."

"Thanks to you, Alfred," the younger man returned with animation.

"Not so," laughed his friend. "I predict that you will come to me for consolation yet. The dusky gray eyes of yonder enchantress in amber draperies and languid of silver and pearls allure you only to humiliate you, Victor."

And as the days and weeks rolled by it would seem that the artist had predicted correctly.

From the first the girl's protectress had been extremely gracious toward Victor Clarence. But the manner of Dulcie was enigmatical.

"One could imagine that you were coquetting with Mr. Clarence," the elder lady once remarked rather rebukingly. "He is handsome and worthy, and my dear Dulcie, it would all end so nicely if you—"

"Oh, hush!" interrupted the girl, blushing sweetly.

"You cannot deny that he has behaved most honorably," the other pursued with much earnestness. He told me his romantic little story with the utmost frankness, and he discussed the whole matter with me as gravely and fairly as if I were your mother. And he loves you, dear, with a deep affection and passionate tenderness."

"Would you regret so little if I should leave you?" Dulcie queried evasively.

"Such a suspicion would be unkind," was the gentle response.

"And I am very happy just as I am," said the girl. Yet in those dusky eyes of wondrous gray was a new light—a soft, sweet splendor that never shone in the eyes of a woman whose heart has not thrilled with the ineffable joy of a perfect love.

To the quaint elegant house that same evening came Victor Clarence—a man with a noble presence, with a beautiful Homeric head and faultless blonde face, with dreamy blue eyes, and with hair and beard of darkest golden brown—a handsome man, and one to be honored by the fairest and best among women.

The parlor he entered was a delightful place—an apartment where there were books and music and flowers, and where Dulcie's protectress spent her peaceful days.

She was sitting just now in an easy chair beside the grate; an unique peacock screen was between her and the ardent warmth of the fire; her tiny feet, alighted in dark velvet, buckled with diamonds, rested on a huge crimson ot-

oman. And, altogether, with her silvery curls, her calm old face, her ancient dress of black brocade, her yellow lace and the curious diamond brooch on her bosom, she made one of the quaintest and sweetest of pictures.

She sat with closed eyes, listening drowsily to the music in the further end of the room where her companion and Mr. Clarence were rendering an exquisite duet from a new oratorio.

Presently she slept; the music had stopped; there were no sounds but that of Victor's murmurous, pleading voice. Beside him, at the piano, Dulcie sat quite silent, a fitful tinge of scarlet wavering over her soft cheek, her eyes hidden by the ebon sweep of lashes, and a mysterious and demure little smile quivering around her delicious mouth.

Victor noticed the smile, and his countenance saddened for an instant.

"Do I only amuse you?" he asked almost sternly. "I have believed you too perfect a woman, Dulcie, to ever make mock of an honest love."

Then she lifted her eyes—those fearless eyes of marvelous gray—proudly to his face.

"It is not that," she protested quickly and gravely. "For oh, Victor, I honor you and love you; but there is something that makes me explained—something that is so unusual, and so romantic and so amusing that I—"

And then she paused, beset by swift and sweet confusion.

And just then a dying spark from the burning anthracite shot against the tall peacock screen, beside which her protectress was dozing, and kindled all the light and swaying fringes into lines of flames. With a startled exclamation, Dulcie sprang across the room and clutched the blazing thing with nervous hands.

The lady—half aroused, half dreaming still—opened her bewildered old eyes and beheld the girl wrestling with what seemed to her dazed senses to be a deadly peril. She turned to Victor with a wail of scared entreaty.

"Oh, save her, Victor!" she cried, "she is your wife—Dulcie is your long-lost wife."

"Dulcie is what?" he gasped, but intuitively comprehending the whole mystery of the entire and gratifying truth that had so long been hidden from him.

The girl had already extinguished the fire and had tossed into the grate the scorched and smoking remnants of the gorgeous peacock screen. She went toward her husband—him whom she had once so much detested and whom she now adored—then hesitated, smiling mischievously and yet with a shy and deprecating fondness.

"Dulcie is your wife!" repeated the aroused lady, who evidently desired to finish gracefully the elucidation that in a moment of fright she had begun, with a somewhat inelegant abruptness. "She is the child you married at the bedside of your dying uncle. You had no love for her and she knew it. In her distress she fled, and a fortunate accident brought her to me. And all these years she has been the most devoted of friends and I have been sufficiently grateful, or perhaps sufficiently selfish rather, to keep her little secret. That was not difficult, however, with her fanciful pseudonym."

"So I have been wooing my own wedded wife," he commented but not very gaily, for he was agitated by a tenderness and a gratitude too profound for mirth. "Must we have another wedding also, my darling?" and he bent to kiss the happy face of the bride who had been restored to him.

"I should never have found my love if I had never seen Alfred's picture," he would sometimes say. "That picture had a mission."

### The Borden Family.

Meridian Mercury.]

The slaying of J. Lane Borden in Louisiana revives recollections of the Borden family. It is a North Carolina family which immigrated from North Carolina at an early day in the settlement of this country. They came as a well-to-do and independent people at the first. Thomas Borden, the father of the now slain man, led the way. He came from Newbern, North Carolina, and settled where now is the village of Newbern, in Hale county. He established the town and gave name to it in deference to his old North Carolina home. Some of the finest of the celebrated Canebroke lands are around about it. He had the pick of it at the time, and bought great quantities of it at the time at government price. He was a man of large business common sense, and with his lucky ventures soon became a rich canebroke farmer. Other brothers came out from North Carolina, Hull, David and Ren, and bought homes, around about Thomas, and settled themselves. They all proved to be excellent people and all prospered and accumulated property, and were universally respected. The pioneer, Thomas, arrived in 1838. He had sons and daughters, and among them the unfortunate son who so foully met his death at Mansfield. As we are informed, he was the most intellectual of them all. Our informant, who was his school fellow, assures us that at a very tender age he was a most excellent Latin scholar. To tell it as he told it to us, when he was so small a boy that seated on a common bench his feet would hardly reach the floor, he could interpret almost any passage in the standard Latin authors you could show him. He came to be one of the best Latin scholars he ever knew. And he came to be well up in all classic lore.

Our informant believes in addition to his intellectual acquirements a better man and more perfect gentleman than J. Lane Borden never lived. He knew him and loved him as a schoolmate. He could not be made to believe the first current reports of improprieties to a respectable lady. He knew the man and knows they could not be true.

Mr. Thomas Jones, of Jackson, Miss., says: "One bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of indigestion."

### MEDICAL.

Childhood, Manhood, and Heavy Age exclaim in unison, "Behold the Conqueror."

DURING a brief visit to the ancient town of Warwick, R.I., recently, our agent extended his trip to the southeastern extremity of the town, to look about among the wonderful improvements which have been made in the appearance of Warwick Neck during a comparatively brief period, and while conversing on this subject with Col. BENJAMIN S. HAZARD, the popular proprietor of the Warwick Neck Hotel, he learned that the greater part of the handsome summer residence had been erected inside of a dozen years; and he also learned that Col. Hazard had been a great sufferer from a chronic disease of the Kidneys and Bladder over fifteen years, the most painful form of it being a stoppage or retention of the urine, which was so very severe at times as to disable him for his accustomed work, and even confine him to the bed, when a surgeon's assistance would be required to relieve him. He was being doctored a large part of the time, but could get no permanent relief. At times his sufferings were terrible from sharp, cutting pains through the Kidneys and Bladder; and he had suffered so long and so severely that he had become discouraged of getting well again, especially as the doctor stated that it was doubtful if a man of his age, with such a complicated disease of long standing, could be cured. But last summer, when he was suffering intensely from one of these attacks, a gentleman who was boarding at his hotel, urged and persuaded him to try a bottle of Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy, as he had known of some wonderful cures effected by it.

Mr. Hazard says he had no faith in it, but consented reluctantly to try it; and after taking it only two days, the intense pains and aches had disappeared, and he commenced to gain strength rapidly, and in less than a week was attending to his accustomed work, and has never had a return of the pains. Mr. Hazard is over seventy years of age, and on the 25th of Nov., 1882, when our agent met him, although it was a very cold and blustering day, he was in the field with his team at work pulling and loading turpentine, as hale and hearty a man as you could wish for, whereas last August he was unable to stand up to oversee the work then going on in this same field.

HUNT'S REMEDY had given him health and strength again, and he recommends it to his relatives and friends, several of whom are now taking it, and he considers it a most excellent medicine for all diseases of Kidneys or Bladder.



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### DENTISTRY.

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HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF State and Capitol Streets, to the Corner of State and Pearl Sts., over Ledbetter's Drug Store, Where they will attend to the practice of DENTISTRY in all its BRANCHES. NEW TEETH, CASH. HAYS' 75-17.

### Back in Jackson to Stay!

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